

The most lamentable Tragedie

To finde thy brother *Bassianus* dead.

Saturnin. My brother dead, I know thou dost but iest,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Vpon the north side of this pleasant chafe,
Tis not an houre since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left them all aliue,
But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus and Lucius.

Tamora. Where is my Lord the King?

King. Heere *Tamora*, though griued with killing grieffe.

Tamora. Where is thy brother *Bassianus*?

King. Now to the bottome dost thou search my wound,
Poore *Bassianus* heere lies murdered.

Tamora. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ.
The complot of this timeles Tragedie,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyrannie.

She giueth Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reads the Letter.

*And if we misse to meete him handsomely,
Sweet huntsman Bassianus tis we meane,
Doe thou so much as dig the graue for him,
Thou knowst our meaning, looke for thy reward.
Among the nettles at the Elder tree,
Which ouer-shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus,
Doe this and purchase vs thy lasting friends.*

King. Oh *Tamora* was euer heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder tree,
Looke sirs if you can finde the huntsman out,
That should haue murdered *Bassianus* heere.

Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of gold.

King

of *Titus Andronicus*

King. Two of thy whelpes, fe
Haue heere bereft my brother of
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto
There let them bide vntill we ha
Some neuer heard-of tortering pa

Tamora. What are they in this
How easily murder is discovered

Titus. High Emperour vpon n
I beg this boone, with teares not
That this fell fault of my accurse
Accursed, if the faults be prou'd

King. If it be prou'de! you see i
Who found this letter, *Tamora* w

Tamora. *Andronicus* himselve d
Titus. I did my Lord, yet let m

For by my Fathers reuerent tom
They shall be ready at your Hig
To aunswere their suspition wit

King. Thou shalt not baile then
Some bring the murdered body,

Let them not speake a word, the
For by my soule, were there wor

That end vpon them should be ex
Tamora. *Andronicus* I wil entre

Feare not thy sonnes, they shall d
Titus. Come *Lucius* come, stay

Enter the Emperesse sonnes, with L
and her tongue cut out

Demet. So now goe tell and if t
Who twas that cut thy tongue an

Chiron. Write downe thy minde
And if thy stumps will let thee p

Demet. See how with signes an
Chiron. Goe home, call for swee

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